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IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

N. C. PHYSICIAN:—"You have almost talked the baby to death, madam; it will require great care to keep him alive until the 6th of November."

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We may cry out against mob-rule in the West; but there is mob-rule enough right at our doors to disgust the thinking citizen. We do not string up the suspected thief or murderer to the convenient butternut—perhaps it would be better if we did, as things go—but, all the same, we put our lives, our liberties, our business affairs and the safety of our homes at the mercy of a lot of ruffians who have not even the crude feeling of citizenship that offers some small excuse for the wild zeal of the Western vigilante. It is mob-law that rules in this city, in most of our police-courts, in some of the higher courts, in the police-stations, in the City Hall—wherever the Democratic hoodlum has adjusted our local government to his satisfaction. Mob-law, for it is the law of the mob, administered by the candidates of the mob, elected by mob methods, kept in place by mob power.

Across the river in Brooklyn, after years of mob-rule, they have had a little breathing-space. For one short term an honest mayor has held office with credit to himself and to his city. Not a voice is raised against him, personally or in his official capacity. Nobody denies that he has given the town an honest and intelligent government, that he has made many valuable reforms, that he has materially benefited the business interests of Brooklyn, and that he is quite capable of carrying out the work of improvement that he has begun. There is absolutely not a word to be said against him, except that he belongs to the political party which is supposed to be in a minority in Brooklyn. But that is enough for a cue to action on the part of the mob. It is enough to furnish a rallying cry: "The Democratic city must be governed by a Democratic mayor!"

Words, words, and nothing but words! Do you believe that it makes the slightest difference, in these dull days, which one of the two decaying political parties furnishes the man for the office? Do you believe that anybody else believes it does? Do you believe that even the mob is moved by such a consideration? Or do you imagine that there is anything in the absurd claims to personal popularity made by the nobody who is put to the front to voice the mob's demand for office and to do the mob's bidding if he gets it? Mobs do not deal with questions of abstract principle. They are not moved by pure and disinterested love for noble characters. Take from John Kelly his patronage, and you would take from him his present flock of obedient and admiring followers. What the mob seeks is spoils, not sentiment.

At this writing, it looks as though this outrage on the decencies of citizenship may be perpetrated, and the blackguards of Brooklyn cast down the champion of the tax-payers. It is a shameful and pitiful thing, this cruel, this absolutely excuseless and uncalled-for attempt to take from a great city the best, the most liberal-minded, the most useful and energetic ruler she ever had. One would think that the faint and rudimentary traces of conscience and reason which exist in a mob would be stirred to revolt against undertaking such a vile job. Even mobs must sometimes think, and if this mob pauses to think, in its dull fashion, it must reflect that it is making a greedy abuse of power such as few tyrants of history have ever dared. But where is the tyrant among all tyrants so greedy, so unthinking, so fatally foolish and blind as Tyrant Mob?

England and the United States have not been at war with each other for many a long year. It was hoped that what the *Herald* would call "a fratricidal struggle" would never take

place between the two nations. But these hopes were vain. The two countries are at war and engaged in deadly strife. They are not fighting with guns and swords, or pistols and dynamite; but with singers and opera houses. The British Volunteer Colonel, who favors us with a visit every year, finds himself, this season, confronted with Field-Marshal Abbey, an American, with a new American opera house, and everything American with the exception of his company and orchestra.

The fight waxes fierce, and it remains to be seen who will come out victorious. Our sympathies ought to be with the American, and they are; but art, true art and music are universal. Prejudices and predilections must not be allowed to influence us in such a matter. If Mr. Abbey, in his new millionaires' opera house, gives us the best opera, let us bestow all the praise and honor due him. If the British warrior at the other house can do better than Mr. Abbey, all right. Let England score another victory, and if so be, it will not be otherwise.

The Butler boom for the Presidency in Massachusetts is not, at the present time of writing, a very large one; therefore it is not necessary to make any very profound remarks on the situation. Indeed, there is no situation to discuss. Governor Butler wishes that there were. The Governor, despite what he may say to the contrary, is not a modest man. He would like to be president. He has had his eye on it for many years, although he has looked upon the capture of the prize as an impossibility. But the extraordinary state of things in his beloved State developed by the present campaign has afforded him encouragement, and Governor Butler thinks he begins to see the way clear to the White House. Perhaps his infirmity of vision may mislead him. With our normal eyesight we can't see a clear road for Butler at all.

THE WATCH ON THE "RHINO"

(IN BROOKLYN).



DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—Come, it's my turn to guard that money now. I'm sorry, but I must turn-you out.
 THE WATCH-DOG.—Just you try it on!

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCCV.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.



Ya-as, I am quite pwepared to go. Everwything is packed and weady; we take our departchah in the next Cunardah, much to the wegwet of our numerous fwiends. But I can't withdwaw fwom this countwy without weferwing to two

or thrwee mattahs, and aw, by-the-way, I find that I shall be only able to make a few we-marks about one of these subjects.

I should verwy much like to say something maw about my fwiend Henwy Irving, and especially to expwess my gwatification at the ar-wival in this countwy of Matthew Arnold. I particularly wegwet not being able to show Arnold some twiffling attention, because his fathah, ye know, used to be at aw Wugby. But I must collect my wandering thoughts.

There was a new operwa house inaugurwated the othah night. It is called the Metwopolitan Operwa House, and Abbey, the dirwectah, was particularly anxious that Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself should be pwesent to expwess our opinion of the stwuctchah. Besides, some of my fwiends have their own pwivate boxes and an interwrest in the building. Then old Colerwidge said he hoped I would not disappoint him and hundweds of othahs by wemaining away.

Well, we went, and on enterwing the building I was stwuck by the wesemblance of the operwa house in some wespects to Her Majesty's Theatah, and in othahs to Covent Garden. Some of the Amerwican families who pwofess to be of verwy ancient and arwistocwatic wace and aw lineage were not pwesent. I aftahward discovered the weason. It was because some of

the wecent millionaires—the *nouveaux riches*—had contwibuted the gweatah part of the funds necessarwy faw the constwuction of the house. I almost wo-ahed with laughtah when I heard this. It was weally too widiculous. As if one millionaire were any maw wespectable or belonged to a maw illustwious family than an-othah!

We heard Nilsson, Campanini and Scalchi in "Faust." We sent Nilsson some aw flowahs. People said that our offerwing was the hand-somest of all. I dessay it was. The decor-watahs do not appe-ah to have exerted themselves to any verwy we-markable extent. The fwonts of the boxes pwesent the appearance of having been delicately white or yellow-washed. Everwything is fine and wich, but too light in tone. Howevah, the house is large and fine, and, on the whole, has my appwoval. Especially as it is dirwected by an extwemely energetic, shrwued and populah Amerwican—the same manager who has aw charge of Henwy Irving, and pwesented to the Amerwican public Sarwah Bernhardt and Mrs. Langtwy. A weally good Amerwican operwa dirwectah was sadly wanted he-ah. He has apparwently been discovered.

I hope to address fuchah we-marks fwom Eurwope. I have not much time to lose. I must go and pwepare myself faw the bwiny aw.

It is now the custom for young ladies to send around to various dry-goods stores for samples of silk and velvet, which they work up into what are called crazy-quilts. And there is nothing that makes a young lady much wilder than to receive from a shrewd merchant a lot of samples fastened to a piece of card-board with rubber-cement.

THE FROST DOWNS,
In country towns,
The pendulous wistaria
And malaria.

THE CORNUCOPIA is the horn of plenty, the cornet is the horn of too much.

Puckerings.

OLD POINT COMFORT—Blue Point.

MADE TO ORDER—The Servant-Girl.

THE DOWNWARD PATH—The One With a Banana-Skin On It.

IT IS now fashionable in the highest circles to organize Persian Powder Parties to see "Moths," at Wallack's.

THE GREAT trouble with the average humorist is that he allows age to come before beauty in the construction of his jokes.

AN ADVANCED AGE—The privilege a man second from the dealer buys when he raises the ante and bluffs the original holder out.

A REPORTER ON space, who died of starvation and thus secured more space, was recently sent to the cemetery with a floral design in the shape of a broken column on his rosewood ulster.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has written a book entitled, "On the Study of Celtic Literature." And now we hear that John Kelly will offer him employment on the *Star*, d'ye moind?

THEY HAVE an institution in India called the "Snake Dance." The performance is getting more or less domesticated here as a preparatory step—or steps—to enter the Binghampton Asylum.

AN ENGLISHMAN was recently knocked down and kicked half to death in Omaha, and the paper that reported it put this head on the article: "How an Englishman was 'Treated' in Omaha."

AN ÆSTHETIC maiden up-town is the happy possessor of a snow-white dog. And when they go out for a walk, she puts a piece of court-plaster on the poor beast's jaw to make him look fashionable.

RHODA BROUGHTON is out with a new novel. As usual, the hero gets down on his knees in the wet, wet grass, and tells the heroine that he is unworthy of her. As usual, although a pretty tough case himself, this statement is erroneous.

WHY is it that when you swiftly thrust the bow of the scuttle through the stove-door to put coal on, that not a kernel (patent applied for) will go on the fire; and that when you suddenly haul the scuttle back to make another attempt, a lot of coal flies out on the floor?

IT IS easier to stand up in a crowded horse-car without losing your balance, when you whirl around a corner, and to read a paper without missing the place, than for a young lady to appear calm at the moment when she gets a big blot on the letter she is just finishing.

THE General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church has changed the name of the organization. There *was* a centenarian who was mighty particular to have his new pair of boots made strong and durable, but—well, he didn't take out a new life-insurance policy.

TALK ABOUT the unwinking vigilance of our press! A man is just reported to have died in Akron, Ohio, at the age of one hundred and nine years, and the paper that chronicles the sad event fails to tell us whether the centenarian used tobacco since he was six years old, or whether he never used the pernicious weed at all.

THE ANACONDA AT A LOSS.



J. G. B.—LET'S SEE YOU SWALLOW THIS!

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY H. C. DODGE.

Who holds
your babies all the
day? Who 's up with
them at nights, I
say? W ho soo
thes them
when — O — O — with
pa . . . in

th. . . ey
yell? Who nurses them
to make them well?
YOUR MOTHER-IN-
Who mends and . . V . . puts
their clothes? Who . . O . . combs
and wipes each . . nose? And
darns your . . stockings,
makes your . . coat as
good . . as new? YOUR MOTHER- . . checks
the . . waste that Brid . . get ma . . kes? Who toils . . for
you and dainties . . bakes? . . Who saves for . .

you . .
ten . .
her board, . .
that you re- . .
mark you . .
can't af- . .
ford? . .
YOUR . .

MOTHER-IN-LAW. Who, when you 're out of work, will give
to you and yours a place to live? Whom do you send for,
oh, so quick, when any one is taken sick? YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.
Who always tells her daughter she a loving wife to you must
be, and then is charged with making strife between the husband
and the wife? YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW. Who only scolds you for your
good? Who feels your mother-in-law jokes rude? When you 're as-
sailed, who takes your part? Who loves you, though you break her heart?
YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW. Who told you "No!" when you, so meek, and
earning dollars ten a week, begged her, with reverence and awe, to let you
be her son-in-law? YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW. Who 'd like to fly from you, to
be in her old age from babies free; but, ah! young man, who 'll stick until
of mother- in-law you
get your fill, and
leave you no thing in her
will? YOUR MO THER-IN-LAW.

OUR NEW PARTY.

*The Hon. Ephraim Muggins, With a Few Other Chosen
Spirits, Inaugurates the New Monopoly Party.*

The halcyon days of the Democratic and Re-
publican parties, of the Whig and Locofoco par-
ties, of the Anti-Monopoly and Oilymargarine
parties, have gone by forever. What the great
American Republic now wants is a clean, brand-
new party, constructed on scientific principles.

A few patriotic citizens therefore met to-
gether the other night, after dark, and inaugu-
rated the new, great, glorious, hilarious, stu-
pendous, uproarious, gregarious, multifarious and
mysterious MONOPOLY PARTY.

Ignoring all past issues, except to execrate
and repudiate them, we struck boldly out, in
an entirely new path, and laying aside all sham
and pretence, we went straight for the truth,
thus giving the public to understand clearly and
unmistakably what our principles are, and on
this broad and indefensible ground we reared

OUR PLATFORM.

1.—All men are created entirely different—
from women and all other human beings; but
we all agree in one thing, and that is a desire
to grab all that we can lay hold of, and hang
on to it as long as possible.

2.—We believe that every man should own
the whole earth, including the Brooklyn Bridge,
and the formula for making oilymargarine, and
no one else should own anything.

3.—We believe in getting as much money as
we can for our products, and as much of every-
thing else as we can for our money.

4.—We are sick and tired of "reform." What
we want now is "loot," and plenty of it. We
want swag and plunder, and an equal division
of the booty among the gang.

5.—We believe in office. Every true Ameri-
can citizen should have an office of some kind
or other. We all want an office where there is
plenty of salary and no work. In short, where
there is plenty of good fishing in the summer,
and grand opera in the winter.

6.—We believe politics should be conducted
on scientific principles, and as the science of the
"manly art" is the chiefest of all sciences, we
earnestly recommend our friends of the "short
crop" fraternity as the true representative ex-
ponents of the American political system, and
altogether the fittest to fill any office in the
Government, from the President down to a
Hoboken policeman.

7.—As it has been demonstrated that the
greatest honors have been showered upon the
disciples of fistiana, and as all the members of
the gang stand higher in the estimation of the
American public, and live in greater freedom
and security from the "relentless rigors" of
the law than other citizens, we deem it a mat-
ter of prime necessity that the sciences of box-
ing, slugging, knocking out, pocket-picking,
highway robbery, shooting, stealing and all
other similar accomplishments be at once in-
troduced into our public schools, and compe-
tent teachers engaged, at salaries not less than
\$25,000 a month each, to teach the same to
the rising politicians of our glorious country.

This, in the main, is our platform. We make
no sham promises of reform, but we tell the
plain truth as to what we intend to do when
we get control of the Government, and we can
assure our friends and fellow-citizens that pub-
lic affairs, as we will administer them, will be
no worse than they have been heretofore, and
in many respects infinitely better. We won't
go around with a Bible in one hand and a jim-
my in the other, at any rate. We intend to
steal, and we mean to steal, and we make no
sanctimonious pretence of being any better
thieves than other thieves.

Yours kleptomaculately,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HOW WE BURY OUR BURGLARS.



NEW YORK POLITICIAN:—"Dark-Lantern Mike" was shot last night by "Jimmy the Jail-Breaker";
the funeral comes off tomorrow, an' we want you to send up a lot of wreaths, pillows with "Rest" on 'em,
busted columns, an' so forth, an' we'll plant him in big style!

A DIMINISHED TON.



"Don't forget to order home a ton of coal, dear. Here is the money. It's a five-dollar bill. We are all out."



"Dear" goes in with the five to get it "changed," and comes out about a dollar short.



"Dear" meets a friend, and another dollar breaks loose from the original five.



"Dear" says: "Lemme see—(hic)—half-a-ton will do—(hic)—plenty. Les have another!"



"Dear" meets more friends, and the balance shrinks rapidly to fifty cents.



But "Dear" is equal to the occasion, and gets a bushel, and murmurs, faintly but fondly: "Ere I be, an'—(hic)—brought their coal home myself—(hic)—to save expense."

RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

SCIENCE DEMONSTRATES that a man who weighs one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth, if transported to Jupiter, would weigh twenty-two and one-half tons. This seems plausible enough; but we have our opinion of the man who would go to Jupiter to have himself weighed, and then return home and lie about his weight down at the corner-grocery—offer to take an affidavit that the last time he was weighed he tipped the beam at forty-five thousand pounds. He would be mistaken for the man who composes circus-posters.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON says that man is developing backward in the organs of locomotion; but the Professor never saw an American bank cashier lighting out for liberty with a couple of detectives uncomfortably close in his rear. And we infer that he never witnessed a professional base-ball match in this country.

"THE SUN is fifteen million years old, and will last fifteen million years longer." This fact will quiet a great deal of anxiety and alarm. An impression had got abroad that the sun would last only fourteen million years longer. The sun holds its age well. Oldest inhabitants say that it does not look a day older than it did sixty-five years ago.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS firmly establish the fact that the sun is blue, though unscientific persons declare that the men who advance such a theory are green. They can't understand how the sun can be "blue," when it didn't run for Governor of Ohio on the Republican ticket at the last election.

THE TEMPERATURE of the moon is at least 200° below zero, and it is highly edifying to mingle among the oldest inhabitants who congregate around the village bar-room stove in midwinter, and listen to their lies about the cold January of 100,781 years B. C., when water froze while boiling on the stove. The hypothesis, however, that the temperature of the moon is 200° below zero is evidently a false one. If the theory were tenable, the United States Government would have sent an exploring expedition there to freeze to death.

SCIENTISTS TELL US that the sun is known to have manifested no change of power of any consequence for at least two thousand years; whereas we all know that its change is sufficiently marked in the short space of four months to cause the aggravating remark, "Is it hot enough for you?" hundreds of thousands of times a day. And that is "consequence" enough, goodness knows.

SOME STARS are so far away that their light, moving with a velocity of 192,000 miles per second, require 50,000 years to reach our eyes; but by "colliding" with a half-open door, when groping about a dark room at midnight, the light of 128,640,000,000,000 stars, more or less, will reach our eyes simultaneously with their first appearance. W.

THE GREAT MORAL EDUCATOR—The Fable.

"I HAD BREAKFAST late this morning, and don't feel at all hungry," she said, looking up timidly at the waiter: "so you had better bring me two plates of ice-cream."

A BRACE OF ROUNDELS.

I.—LOVE IN NOVEMBER.

Alas for love that lives through all the year!
To die in Autumn-tide so chill and gray,
When all his secret haunts are cold and drear,
And sobs of rain fall on the wind away!
O'er this fond slave no mourning mistress may
Pay the scant tribute of a salty tear,
Nor little flower mark his passing day.
Alas for love that lives through all the year!
To die in Autumn-tide so chill and gray
'T were best. Already 'tis too cold for beer,
Not yet the genial punch resumes its sway;
Now plumbers grind their pens, and chanticleer
Rouses him later each succeeding day—
Alas for love that lives through all the year!

II.—TO M. B.

But oh, that dimple in your chin!
I'm sure my heart lies buried there.
In such a pit 't were sooth no sin
To fall. Your eyes were beacons fair,
I drank the fragrance of your hair;
You digged the pit, I tumbled in,
And then you did not seem to care.
But oh, that dimple in your chin!
I'm sure my heart lies buried there:
Nor prince, nor peer, nor paladin
Had e'er a tomb so rosy rare—
So white without, so pink within—
To kiss that sepulchre I dare?
But oh, that dimple in your chin!

JOHN PAUL BOCK.

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM.

When Vanderbilt was interviewed
About his fall, the other day,
His manner toward the press was rude,
His words too short, some people say.
Poor William! This is hardly fair.
P'raps to be rude he did not seek.
It's natural for a millionaire
In money-syllables to speak.

LOOKING FOR A JOB.

Oh, the dreariness—the weariness
Of looking for a job!
The cold, polite rebuff,
The answer rude and rough—
Perhaps the fisticuff,
Or whack across the nob!

Oh, the carefulness—despairfulness
Of looking for a job!
The day that missed its mark,
The night spent in the park,
Where all is cold and dark,
Among a homeless mob!

Oh, the sadness—the madness
Of looking for a job!
The shoes low down at heel,
The stomach's aching feel,
That 's hollow for a meal—
'T would very reason rob!

ADOLPHUS SILKWORM.

THE DRY-GOODS MERCHANT.

In about six weeks the dry-goods merchant will be employing new men for 1884, and reducing the salaries of those he retains. He will tell each clerk that he has lost a great deal of money this year, and will, therefore, be obliged, for self-protection, to make a general reduction of twenty-five per cent.

He will then call up the small boy who started on a salary of one hundred dollars per annum on a guarantee that he would be raised at intervals and made a man of in the end. When the small boy appears, the merchant tells him that he is not industrious enough, and was never cut out for the dry-goods business, and that it would be injustice to him to keep him in a pursuit for which he is peculiarly unfitted, and that it is his duty to dismiss him.

Having thus ridded himself of the small boy, who would naturally expect an advance of salary, the merchant, on the following day, engages another boy at a salary of one hundred dollars per annum, and promises to raise him, from time to time, and eventually make a man of him. Next year this boy will be told that, owing to the breaking of a bank in Oshkosh, the firm will have to dispense with his services.

While all this is going on, the other clerks are raising beards and side-whiskers, that they may look older and more valuable to the firm when they step up to make their arrangements for next year.

It is very strange that a man's age and whiskers should have a greater influence on a dry-goods merchant than his merit. And it is also rather strange that a married man should receive higher pay than a single man who has a much greater knowledge of the business.

But it is even so. A married man receives more than a single man, but whether it is done with a view to encouraging matrimony or discouraging merit, is a conundrum not easily solved. Of course, the natural ambition of men is to secure a great deal of money—in short, as much money as possible, whether they are single or not.

And dry-goods people are men, strictly speaking. Now, if a dry-goods clerk is satisfied that there are only two roads to advancement, viz., matrimony and very hard work, and that matrimony pays a little better, he naturally marries, and straightway loses all interest in the business, and idles his time away.

In most stores—wholesale stores—when a man is about to be engaged, they ask him if he is married or single. If he is single, he is paid about nine dollars a week; if he is married, they are more generous, and give him the amount which they conclude every married man should have. That is, about twelve dollars per week.

MR. DANA'S PRIVATE LUMINARY.



A BIG SIGHT OFFERED FOR TWO CENTS.

Thus does the married man receive three dollars a week more than the single man, and we are taught by observation that three dollars per week is inadequate compensation for the circus which is said to be inseparable from married life.

Brigham Young had, we will say, seventy wives. Now, if Brigham had entered a dry-goods store, and had been asked if he was married, he would have been obliged to say yes; for Brigham Young was a truthful man. And when the dry-goods man had been told that the applicant had seventy wives, would he have been consistent and given him nine dollars per week for himself, and three dollars per week each for his wives, making in all two hundred and nineteen dollars per week?

That is a conundrum worthy of the Sphinx. But there is another scheme for getting cheap clerks that the dry-goods merchant essays, generally with great success.

It is this:

A young man enters the store, and asks for something to do. The employer wrinkles his forehead, works his eye-brows down on his nose to give him the appearance of being capable of profound thought, and says:

"So you want work?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are full at present. How much do you expect?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week!—ten dollars a week!" replies the merchant, snatching the young man's sentence and hurling it back at him like a brick.

"Yes, sir," says the young man: "ten dollars a week."

Then the merchant lies back in the chair and regards the young man with a patronizing air.

"We never give such a salary to young, fresh and inexperienced men. We can get men of fifty, with years of experience, for the sum you

ask. We have no use for boys, because they are wild and more bother than they are worth. What we want are men of years and experience. We will give you two dollars per week."

The young man accepts and goes to work. Then a man of about fifty walks in and solicits employment. The merchant lies back in his chair so far that, if he happens to be corpulent, he reminds one of the terrapin stretched out in front of a restaurant, with a placard on his under shell informing the pedestrian when he is to be served up. Then the merchant says, as he did to the young man:

"So you want work?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are full at present. How much do you want?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week!" says the merchant, in a tone that shows that he is in a condition bordering on asphyxia.

"Yes, sir," responds the old man: "ten dollars per week."

Then the merchant lies back in his chair so far that he barely escapes going all the way over and sliding along the floor on his spine.

"We never give such a large salary to old men, because they are slow and decrepit, and in their own way. We don't care for old men, because they have old ideas and are way behind the times. For the sum you ask we can get bright young men with the light of the morning of life in their faces. They have new ideas, and are full of vim, and can work five times harder and longer than the fossils who base their claims on an experience that might have been valuable in 1840. What we want are live young men. We will give you two dollars per week."

The old man accepts. And this is the way the merchant plays December off against May, and May off against December.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS POLITE ATTENTION TO OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

HARLEM, Oct. 30th, 1883.

Editor PUCK—Dear Sir:

You may have noticed—I infer that you have, from some observations you have occasionally let fall—the peculiar foggy that comes over the British intellect when it has to struggle with the institutions of our beloved country.

For instance, gaze upon Mr. Richard A. Proctor. There is a man who has devoted his whole life to building up a reputation as an astronomer and a scientist-at-large; and who has succeeded nobly. He has gained universal confidence as a planetary expert and general sky-sharp. Whatever Mr. Proctor may say about the moon is taken blindly on trust. Nobody ever goes there to see for himself whether the distinguished astronomer is right or only fooling. Nobody ever checks his calculations off with the multiplication table. He may take away the character of Mars, or cast imputations upon Venus, with perfect impunity, such is his professional standing. Here is a reputation made like boarding-house coffee, from the ground up. Here is a mighty structure of intellectual strength. And he tackles the great American game of poker, and it goes to pieces like a campaign-lie. The reputation, I mean. The game of poker stays where it was.

Mr. Editor, there is just one great unfulfilled desire in my yearning heart. I want to sit down to one quiet game of draw with Mr. Richard A. Proctor. I will engage to rise possessor of Mr. Richard A. Proctor's wearing apparel, boots included, as also of his IOU in the shape of a lien on the next comet he may discover.

To prevent misunderstanding, and a possible vicarious acceptance of this offer by some American admirer of Mr. Proctor, I will state that my abilities as a poker-player are extremely moderate; but that in this particular instance they are amply adequate.

A man who calculates that there are just 11,937 $\frac{1}{2}$ flushes in a deck, and then tells you that when there are four out the chances the fifth man has to get another are just as good as they would have been if he held the ace—why, that man shows an utter obliviousness to the fact that there are only about a dozen or fifteen cards on the table to hunt for the rest of those 11,937 $\frac{1}{2}$ flushes in—an utter obliviousness that leads me to believe that your humble poet could get away with him as easily as rolling off a sonnet.

And then there is Mr. Matthew Arnold. He had long been a reader of that lovely flower of amateur journalism, the *New York Nation*, and he once got hold of a copy of the *Podunk Palladium*. Thereupon he promptly wrote about a yard-and-a-half to prove that the United States was inhabited solely by middle-class people, who ate with their knives and had the same ambition in regard to their shirts as the smoker has in the matter of meerschaum pipes.

But I need not multiply instances. You know what a staggering effect the land of liberty has on the British mind. So do I. And here is just where the great Dusenbury comes to the front.

We are now entertaining two distinguished

foreign guests—Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Henry Irving. It is eminently proper that something should be done to provide these gentlemen with the information that they will need during their stay with us. The Dusenbury does it.

This is a gratuitous offering. I present you with the following little versified suggestions on the "Don't" plan. They are only a few samples of what I can offer our guests if they want a poetical guide to America.

Don't think Chicago lies in North New York.
Don't, out of a polite and considerate deference to our uncultured tastes, refrain from eating peas with your fork.

Don't take the Fulton Ferry for St. Paul.
Don't wear your derringers when in the course of your social duties it becomes necessary for you to pay a party-call.

Don't take the steamer down to Tennessee.
Don't use your bowie-knife, whatever you may have been told is the prevailing custom here, to stir your cup of tea.

Don't try to walk to lovely Staten Isle.
Don't, under the impression that "it's different here, you know," go out to dinner in a monkey-jacket, a pair of hunting-breeches and a supercilious smile.

More on tap.

Yours gratuitously,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, P. P.

NEW YORK, October 31st, 1883.

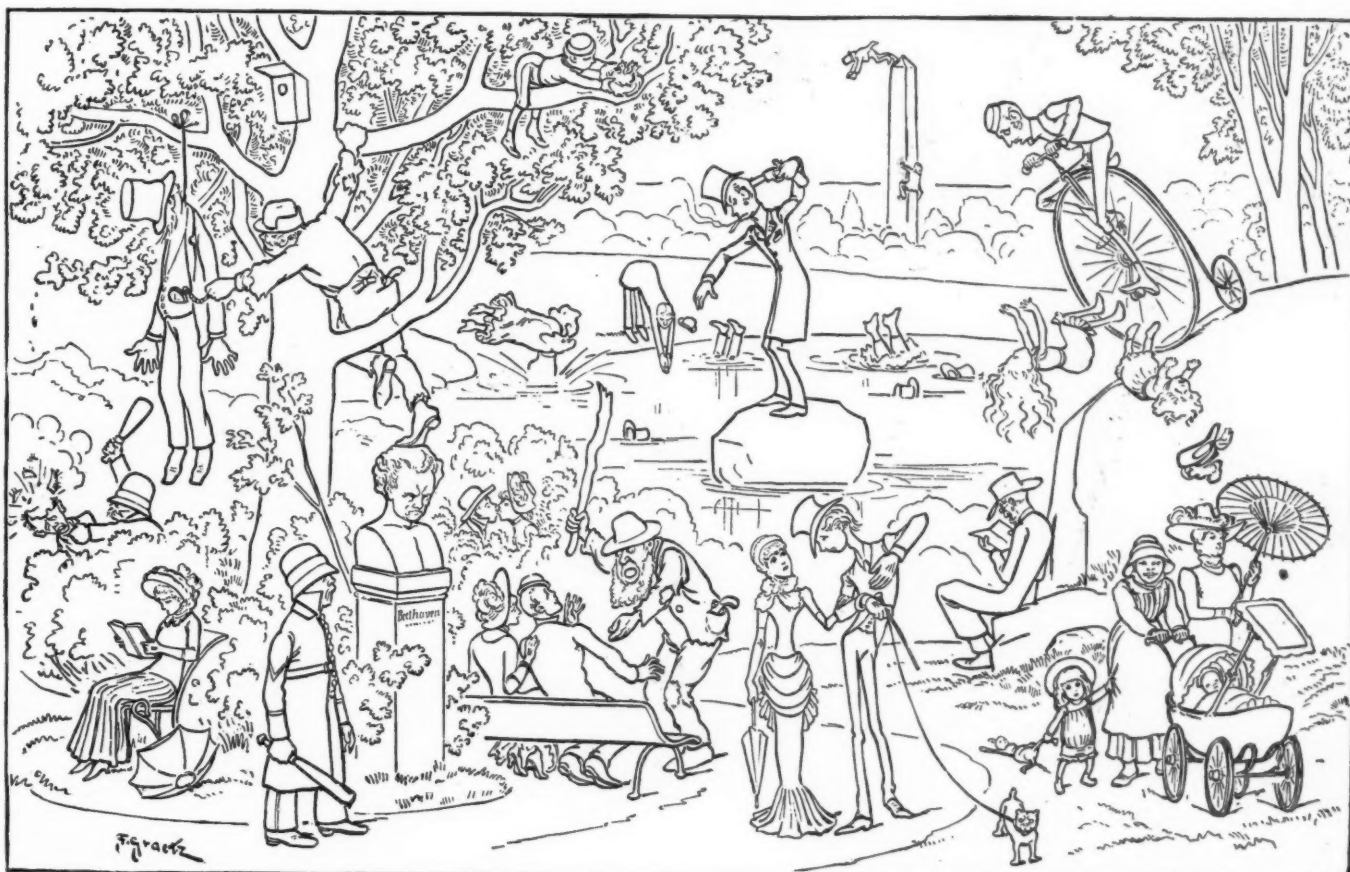
V. HUGO DUSENBURY, Esq.—Dear Sir:

The publishers of "Don't" decline to pay for your ingeniously concealed advertisement of their work, so we inclose our bill to you. Your prompt attention to it will oblige

Yours truly,

PUBS. PUCK.

THE PARKS OF NEW YORK.



A NOT TOO FANCY SKETCH OF THEIR FUTURE.

FUCK.



WAR IN NEW YORK.

IT COMES HIGH, BUT WE MUST HAVE IT.



GO TO THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE BY ALL MEANS—



EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO MAKE AN ASSIGNMENT THE NEXT DAY.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

The cream of the cream of Inwood society gathered on the evening of last Thursday week at the Inwood Presbyterian Church for the complimentary concert to Mr. T. C. Dagnia, the blind organist. Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox warbled Arthur Sullivan's "St. Agnes's Eve" with fine effect. Miss Charlotte Walker, who possesses a voice of much sweetness, sang "Angels Ever Bright And Fair." Mr. Robert Perkins recited a selection from "Hiawatha," which was received with much favor. A piano solo, a melody of Anton Rubinstein's in F, was brilliantly executed by Mr. T. C. Dagnia. From the rural shades of Inwood, with a fortnight to spare, PUCK wended his way to the Metropolitan Opera House, which opened in a blaze of glory on Monday evening of last week. Mr. Henry Abbey has already introduced to the public of New York, besides Nilsson, Scalchi and Campanini, Mmes. Sembrich, Trebelli and Messrs. Stagno and Kaschmann, all of whom have won the favor of New Yorkers. Mme. Sembrich, in a single night, by her warbling in "Lucia," was at once taken into the affections of Americans, and there is little doubt that she will retain them. "Mignon" is announced for to-night, in which Nilsson and Capoul are to appear. Signor Vianesi, the conductor, has as many musicians in his orchestra as he can well shake a stick at, and very well does he do the shaking. The Honorable Frances Fitznoodle, in another column, pays his respects to the Metropolitan Opera House. While on the subject of opera, we must not forget to mention that Etelka Gerster has been welcomed with much enthusiasm. If Etelka's head is level, she will settle down here, and then we could have her music always on tap. Let us hope during the engagement she will devote herself to the study of new parts. "Sonnambula" and "Rigoletto" are very nice; but we cannot undertake to hear them more than seven hundred and eighty-five thousand times a year.

We might be able to stand this with Harrigan and Hart's "Picnic"; but then Harrigan and Hart knock all conventional rules higher than any kite's record. Whether the same remarks will apply to Mr. Henry Irving's performances it is impossible to say until we have found out how the American stage agrees with him. At present we are busily engaged in finding out, and "Charles I.," which is to be played to-night, may help us in our decision. We never go wild over melodramas, and we don't like "The Duke's Motto"; but a great many people do. All the same, the sooner Mr. John Stetson exhibits some of his hidden treasures in the shape of new plays, the better he will please us, and that, of course, is the proper thing for him to do. The Kiralfys, at Niblo's, have no occasion to make any change. Because why? Because everybody is suffering to see "Excelsior," and everybody has not yet seen it.

Who knows but that a similar statement may have to be made with regard to "In the Ranks," announced for last night at the Standard Theatre? But who can tell? Not even Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, the authors. Still there is not always doubt about such things. "The Beg-

gar Student" was a success in German, and the English version will not be at all behindhand when the Casino is filled with Millöcker's music. Mr. James O'Neill finds himself this week in Brooklyn, and is doing his best to win the admiration of the Brooklynites in "Monte Cristo," at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre, while Miss Annie Pixley is, with Western enterprise, doing the same thing at the Grand Opera House, as *M'liss*, in New York. In the meantime, much laughter is afforded to all dyspeptics by "Dollars and Sense," Mr. Daly's cleverly Americanized German farce.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She must go.

J. F.—You are the maddest, merriest, wildest crank we have met in many a day. Take some bromide of potassium and try to straighten out.

L. R. F.—We are glad that you have been reading Thiers, and your suggestion for a cartoon representing Napoleon in despair at Josephine's extravagance is a brilliant and timely idea of great local interest. But who is this man Napoleon, anyway, and what is his line of business?

FRITZ.—No, we don't want a translation of the German song about the Pope leading a jolly life. We get about six different versions of that poem every month, and we are getting a little weary of it. When Thackeray has once translated a poem into English, it is just as well for the average citizen to leave the job alone. He isn't likely to eclipse Thackeray—not any citizen constructed up to date.

E. L. BLAKESLIE.—Dear boy, when we want pictures copied out of a thirty-year-old book of Christopher Pearse Cranch's, we have the draughtsmen to do it, right here on tap, in this little establishment. The originals are very good; but your style of copying has a barbaric wildness about it that would probably cast a veil of gloom over the soul of the artist whom you honor with your imitation.

T. F.

"As the campaign progresses, I will unfold at length my views upon questions of public interest. In the meantime, say to all that the campaign of 1884 opens in Brooklyn to-morrow morning at sunrise, and that the Young Democrats, having drawn the sword, will not return it to its sheath until the martial music of a Presidential victory dies away."—Hendrix.

O Hendrix, you've done it! You couldn't afford so early to fool with that terrible sword. Our banner of hope you have cut into strings. Why could n't you stick to the unmeaning things With which our whole platform so soundly rings? From our very last chance you have pulled out the pegs—Your sword was so long that it tripped up your legs.

TROUBLES OF THE TACTLESS.

Some people have no tact. Or, if they have it, they omit to use it when it is most wanted. A man of this class will ask questions that ought never to have been asked, and, if he possesses any kind of a conscience, will feel inclined to jump on himself immediately afterward.

He will meet, at a reception, a lady whom he has not seen for some time, and ask, before a dozen people, how her husband is.

Then there will be a dead silence for a minute, until some one bolder than the rest will try to turn the conversation.

The lady blushes, stammers, and at last gasps:

"Oh, sir, how can you mention that wretch?"

Then it begins to dawn on the querist that something is wrong, and that he has made a mistake.

He has made a mistake.

Has he been living out of the world, that he should not know that the husband of the lady in question ran off to Europe with a variety-actress, and that divorce proceedings have already begun?

And yet he reads the papers.

He has made that woman a life enemy by his indiscreet remark. She will always believe that he wanted to vex her.

The same man will meet a friend and greet him cordially.

"Very glad to see you, dear boy. How are you, and how is your wife—well, I hope?"

A pause ensues, and then comes the answer:

"My wife died last year."

There are pitfalls for the tactless man wherever he may go.

He encounters Jones, and asks him how business is, oblivious of the fact that Jones's firm "busted" three months ago for half-a-million of dollars.

He will get a little mixed with regard to certain families of his acquaintance, and ask the childless couple how the little ones are; the widow, how her husband is.

He makes untimely jokes on breach-of-promise cases in the presence of the young lady who has already undergone the ordeal of one, and has another looming up.

He will inquire of the man with the cork leg how many inches he measures around the calf.

He will compliment the individual with the glass optic on his fine piercing eyes, and go into raptures over your beautiful teeth, when the new set was obtained only yesterday from the dentist.

The tactless fiend will ask how often you have your hair cut, when he might have known that you have worn a wig for years.

He delights in telling stories about some people he met recently not at all complimentary to them, and the muscular brother of the parties in question happens to be present, and takes it all in.

What follows is often a matter of police-court record.

The moral that this article teaches is that it is better to be born dumb than without tact.

CAUCASIAN CONSISTENCY.



A POLITICAL FAVORITE.



A SOCIAL OUTCAST.

FARMER JONES BUYS HIS DAUGHTER A PIANO.

It was decided that Maria Jones should have a piano. She was eighteen, had been graduated from the village academy in a perfectly lovely white dress, and could polish off the ivories in the most approved modern fashion. Accordingly, it was determined in secret by her parents that Maria should be surprised, upon her nineteenth birthday, by finding a grand square installed in the shadowy recesses of the best room.

Farmer Jones shaved himself, and put on his store-clothes, and informed his wife and daughter, inconsequentially, at the appointed time, that he was "goin' to town." Of course—to keep the unsuspecting Maria from detecting with her intellectual nostrils the presence of a rodent—he was instructed to procure so much sugar, and kerosene, and molasses, and a barrel of flour, and half-a-dozen other things; and even the fact that the good man had hitched the team to the hay-rack, and thrown in a couple of stout ropes, was not at all suspicious, for if he had been going to town for a roll of tape, he would probably have taken the hay-rack.

"Now don't forget the flour!" screamed Mrs. Jones, with strategic shrillness, as the lumbering farm-wagon rattled through the gate; and Farmer Jones, bobbing up and down on the cross-piece like a pea on a griddle, turned the brim of his big straw hat, and smiled a smile that might have been seen across a ten-acre lot. He was gone; the piano was a defunct surety.

Farmer Jones reached "town" after a noisy drive of about two hours, during which time he was "chucked" at least thrice around the entire hay-rack. But that was his idea of comfort in travel. He would have been miserable in a carriage. He put up his horses, and took dinner at a hotel, and then sallied out to look for a "pianner."

A few rods from the hotel he came to a furniture-store, and, attracted by a handsome cabinet in the window, stepped in. All the salesmen were busy at the time, so, after walking around the room for several minutes, and stubbing his cowhide boots against half-a-dozen delicate pieces of bric-à-brac, he climbed into the show-window, with a series of painful grunts, and proceeded to overhaul the cabinet.

"Them air the stops, I calc'late," he reflected, catching hold of the knobs of a drawer: "I

s'pose it takes consid'able muscle to pull them things out." So saying, he braced himself, shook off his hat, and leaned back suddenly with his whole weight. The result was unexpected, to say the least. A resounding crash echoed through the building, and the affrighted salesmen, rushing up, found Farmer Jones sitting on the pavement outside the window, convulsively clutching a small drawer in one hand, and holding the other to his bleeding scalp. There was a hole in the plate-glass about the size of a tunnel.

"What in the name of thunder is this?" yelled the proprietor, making his way to the spot: "What are you doing here—hey?"

"Wal," said Farmer Jones, slowly, rising to his knees, and feeling tenderly of the seat of his pantaloons: "I calc'lated I could play on the thing; but I didn't 'low to make so much noise about it."

"Noise! you old fool! Why, you've smashed a hundred dollars' worth of plate-glass, d'ye understand? And I'll have it out of you, too!"

"Yas? Wal, I calc'late you'll find two or three small pieces somewhere about me, and I'll be darned if my ha'r ain't full of the stuff, too!"

"Shut up your nonsense! Will you step in here and settle the bill, or shall I call an officer and have you arrested?"

"I guess you needn't do nuth'er of 'em right off. I was calc'latin' to buy that 'ere pianner, if the blamed thing hadn't kicked so 'tarnal bad. Perhaps I will yet, if you can show me how to play the thing."

"Piano! The fool hasn't got sense enough to tell a parlor-cabinet from a piano!"

Even in the midst of his vexation, the proprietor of the furniture-store could hardly help laughing at the ludicrousness of the whole thing. Farmer Jones looked at him in astonishment.

"Ain't that a pianner?" he exclaimed: "Why, look at them stops and that 'ere music-rack. It's as nateral as life! Wal, if that ain't a pianner, jest show me one, won't ye?"

"We don't keep pianos at all. This is a furniture-store."

"Wal, ain't pianners furnitoor, I'd like to know? Whar can I find one o' the pesky critters, anyway?"

"Just step in here and settle the bill for the glass, and I'll direct you to a music-store," replied the proprietor.

Farmer Jones put on his hat, reluctantly, and walked into the store.

"Go kinder easy with me now, boss," he entreated: "I hate to break into that 'ere pianner-money the wust way."

When Farmer Jones departed from the furniture-store he was seventy-five dollars out of pocket and no nearer his coveted treasure than before.

He had directions, however, which brought him, in time, to a music-store. He stepped in, with a sigh of relief.

"Do you keep pianners here?" he asked, laying his hat on a fine upright and sitting down on the stool.

"I should rather think we do," replied the affable salesman, with a smile: "What sort of an instrument do you want?"

"Wal, ye see," said Farmer Jones, reflectively, running his hand through his hair: "my Marier is great on Scottishes and pokers and sich like coltish things, and I calc'late a pianner with about a 2.22½ gait will come up to her style purty well. I don't want to look at nothin' slower than that. And the old lady, she says to git one o' them squar'-shouldered ones, and not one o' these slim critters twenty hand high at the neck."

"Step this way, please," said the salesman: "I think I have an instrument that will suit you exactly."

Farmer Jones put on his hat, and followed his guide to the other end of the sales-room.

"Here is a fine Chickering," continued the salesman: "with a very easy action and a rich, ringing tone. We will make the price to suit you, too."

"Wal, I'll try the thing and see how she works," replied Farmer Jones, taking off his coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves: "I never buy one o' these high-bred critters without puttin' her through her paces."

So saying, the old gentleman adjusted himself firmly on the stool, balanced and braced himself for a moment, spread his horny fingers abroad, and brought them suddenly down upon the key-board with a crash that shook the very floor and echoed among the other instruments like the bang of a sledge-hammer.

"She's sound in the bar'l, anyway," he shouted, as the echo billowed and trembled on

the air: "Le's see if she springs any in the hind-quarters."

He raised his hands again, still higher than before, took a long breath, and brought them down—*bang!*—on the bass-notes.

Apparently satisfied with the sounding propensities of the instrument, Farmer Jones now went stooping around and carefully examined the four legs, rubbing his thumb up and down the polished wood with the air of an expert.

"I guess she's free from bots and warts, too," he reported at length: "Her bar'l is good shape, quarters mus'ly an' well hitched up, legs straight and clean; but I ruther calc'late, from the looks of her teeth, she's five or six year old, ain't she?" he continued, examining the ivory keys with great minuteness: "On the whole, though, she's a purty good little mare—'bout such a critter as my Marier wants, I guess. What's your price?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Three hundred! Too much. She ain't wuth it. Come, make it two hundred and a quarter?"

"Couldn't do it—couldn't afford to."

"Two hundred and a half?"

"No, sir."

"Two hundred and a half and fifty cents?"

"My price is three hundred dollars, and I am putting it practically at cost for that."

"Wal—I'll take her."

Fifteen minutes later Farmer Jones was on hand with his hay-rack, and the piano, boxed in straw, was lifted into the rigging by the porters of the establishment and tied down.

"Do ye warrant her to make 2:22½?" yelled Farmer Jones, as his wagon rumbled off.

"Yes—we do."

"Wal, if my Marier gits beat by any poorer record than them figgers, you'll hear from me—mind ye!"

With which parting threat Farmer Jones lighted his pipe, climbed up on the piano-box, and added his chariot for home.

PAUL PASTNOR.

BALLADE.

The town is fabulously gay,
For Autumn by a charming ruse
Has routed Summer, and away
Has fled the heat that boils and stews;
She put fresh faces in the pews,
And many a sweet and sober gown,
And at her call (most welcome news)
Clorinda has come back to town.

She leaves the meadows—lo! the day
Has lost its warmth, the birds refuse
To sing their songs, a dismal gray
To veil their grief the hillsides choose.
The fickle breezes get their dues,
And, jilted, shower leaf-tears down:
All Arcadie is in the "blues"—
Clorinda has come back to town.

In clover-fields she used to play
Narcissus to the mirror dews,
But now in some one's heart she may
View her image set. But whose?
Ah, do I see a blush diffuse
Her dainty sun-kissed cheeks of brown?
Or is it with a heart to lose
Clorinda has come back to town?

ENVOY.

Cupid, return, nor longer use
Nor blunt your arrows on a country clown;
Here there are gentler hearts to bruise—
Clorinda has come back to town.

—H. C. Faulkner, in the Manhattan.

HAWKEYE DOTS.

There are no train-robbers in Philadelphia. There is too much law and order there. But you can sit down in a street-car and get yourself run over and pounded to a pulp by an express train at the first crossing just as easily and be killed just as dead as you could get shot in Missouri by Frank James. We believe the Philadelphia papers censured Western law and justice very severely because a Missouri jury acquitted Frank James. We will now wait with

some interest to see a Philadelphia jury hang a railroad company. They will probably do it—in a horn. People, brethren, are very much like people, and you will find that jurors out West and down East do things about the same way. No man is very much worse than his neighbors, after all.

Prince Hohenlohe says "we Americans cut down our forests too fast." Not all of us, dear Prince. You can just leave the undersigned out of that indictment. If we had a farm to clear out of the mighty forests, we are trustful enough and patient enough to wait around until the trees died of old age; but as for going in with an axe and trampling down the moss and ferns with unnumbered chips and unlimited perspiration, we do not volunteer. We'll take our chances on the draft. Some Americans are dreadfully wasteful with the forests, but we haven't cut down but one tree since 1865. And that one was only a little sapling, not fifteen feet high. But it harbored a hornets' nest in its shadowy branches, and, to all intents and purposes, it might have been a giant California Sequoi, four thousand years old and nine hundred feet high.

We note with great pleasure that the Indians of Colorado and Arizona have organized a "Society for the Protection of White Women in Connecticut." At the first meeting resolutions were passed denouncing as civilized and unbarbarous the murder of Rose Ambler, and money was raised to defray the expenses of a good Indian who has been appointed to go to Connecticut and kill a couple of native detectives. We trust this good missionary may be able to accomplish his good work successfully and safely, and we hope that this movement among the Indian tribes, looking toward the better protection of human life in New England, may gain in zeal and strength, until the time may come when a woman's life will be as safe in Connecticut as it is in New Mexico and the lava-beds. It is natural and right that the Indians should feel this interest in us. We are their neighbors. They used to live "in our midst." New England was full of them at one time, until Miles Standish and other good men killed them off. And if something isn't done to stop the present "carnival of crime" in Connecticut, (*vide* "Stolen White Elephant") women will soon be as scarce as Indians. Therefore we hope this missionary spirit among the Indian tribes may be fostered and encouraged by the best and wildest chiefs, and that their work among us may be productive of great good. And whenever an Indian missionary is seen to be searching for a detective, our people should turn out and assist in the hunt, for there is nothing in all this wide world harder to find than a detective, unless it may be the criminal for whom the detective believes himself to be searching.—Robert J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.

LUNDBORC'S PERFUMES.

EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

THE Most Delicious Cigarettes ou, "Sweet Bouquet." Try them.

It is wiser to be cured of the piles by Swayne's Ointment, than to suffer at night with the intense itching.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 53, 56, 58, 67, 69, 72, 74, 76, 79, 85, 87 and 108 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear. Forms are closed on Friday at ten o'clock A. M.

PUBLISHERS PUCK.

HIS ONLY STOCK IN TRADE.



SIGNOR BENJAMINO.—YOU PAY-A YOUR MONEY, AND YOU TAKE-A YOUR CHOICE-A.

Brown's Ginger

THE GENUINE

Frederick Brown,

Philadelphia.

— ESTABLISHED 1822 —

IS NOT A SPECIFIC, BUT

It will comfort when
COLD.

It will aid where re-
action is feared.

It will **STIMULATE**
WITHOUT doing
HARM.

And when taken according
to the directions given,
WILL DO GOOD IN

ALL SEASONS.

State plainly

Frederick Brown
Philadelphia.

WATCHES

for the Million.

The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest size in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases, from \$6 to \$150—all reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Ear-rings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs etc., at prices in reach of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds.

An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentleman, and this is the best place to buy it.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Price list free. 363 Canal Street, New York.

SPECIAL LINE OF OVERCOATINGS,
KERSEYS, MELTONS, ETC.

Fine Custom Tailoring.

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620 BROADWAY 620.

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Samples and SELF-MEASUREMENT chart mailed on application.

BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

FALL STYLES.

MILWAUKEE SUNBEAMS.

After debating the question for some time, St. Louis street-car managers have decided not to heat the cars this winter, fearing they will be obliged to supply fans and ice-water in the summer.

A dispatch says Secretary Folger has called for fifteen million dollars. Looks as though the old man had been setting into a poker game at Washington. And yet, when he was appointed to office the New York papers said he didn't know one card from another.

A new story entitled "The Bread Winners" is being published, and those who have not read it are wondering what it is about. As we understand it, the story is about some poker-players using oyster-crackers for chips to play poker. "Bread Winners" is a very polite name for it.

One Chicago minister preached a sermon on the text, "The hand of the diligent maketh a man rich," and he advised the young men to be diligent. Another minister, that same evening, delivered a sermon on the text, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," and the Chicago young men are considerably broke up as to whether it is best to be diligent and get rich, and be barred out of heaven. The ministers ought to have an understanding about their texts.

Yale College has added a course of study relating to railroads and all about them. This is unfortunate. The graduates will now expect to take positions as general managers of railroads as soon as their time expires at college, and they will find it is necessary to commence pumping a hand-car, be promoted to shoveling on a gravel-train, and work up gradually to a freight and passenger-train before they can run a railroad. A Yale graduate would mix up a narrow guage railroad twelve miles long so it would take a good railroad man a year to straighten it out.—Geo. W. Peck, in Peck's Sun.

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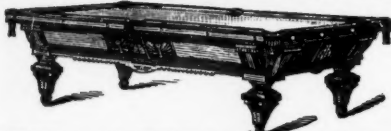
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OVER in Chicago, the other day, an organization, which we will call "The Great Humboldt Rail and Water Line," had a meeting of the stockholders. When all were assembled, the secretary reported a deficiency of \$180,000 for the year; also that the stock had depreciated one-half, and that future prospects were extremely dark and dubious. Indeed, he argued that the company had better wind up and get out from under the best it could.

"We owe one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, eh?" queried one of the stock-holders.

"Yes, sir."

"The income won't meet current expenses?"

"No, sir."

"Fact is, we are as good as bankrupt?"

"That's it, sir. We can't run another month."

"Then, sir," continued the speaker: "I move that we declare a dividend of twenty-two per cent, and begin to unload stock on the confiding public!"—*Wall Street News.*

CONNECTICUT is not great in catching the murderers who stain her soil with the blood of helpless women; but when it comes down to punishing the heinous crime of pleasure-riding on Sunday, she smites the offender with blows that are swift and severe.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It must be admitted—and the fact is greatly to our credit—that Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is being lionized almost as much in this country as the English prize-fighters and pedestrians who preceded him.—*Norristown Herald.*

MR. BEECHER says he does not believe the story of the fall of Adam. If Mr. Adam were alive now he would have a chance to reciprocate by saying he didn't believe the story of the fall of Beecher.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A CHICAGO young man has a disease of the eyes which causes him to see double. The affection is called "pulsating exophthalmia."—*Norristown Herald.*

IN England, at the present time, the principal use for a prince or princess is to draw a crowd to a charity entertainment.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits, Nervous Debility and premature Decay, may have life, health and vigor renewed by the use of the Marston Bolus treatment WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICATION. Consultation free. Send for descriptive treatise. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th Street, New York.

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THE other day, during a case in the Police Court, a witness was put upon the stand who gave his occupation as that of a carpenter.

"Where is your shop?" asked the lawyer.

"Haven't any," urbanely responded the witness.

"How can you be a carpenter without a shop?"

"Well, you see, I don't need one. I'm an insurance carpenter."

"What's that?"

"Well, I'm employed by the insurance companies to estimate damages to houses. You see, it works this way: A building catches fire, and burns up a few rooms; or, say, the roof caves in. The company sends for me as an expert, and I look around, measure with this tape-line, and do a lot of figuring on a shingle with a big red pencil. Then I say I can repair the damage for eight dollars and seventy cents, or something like that."

"And how does it work?"

"Oh, first-rate. The house-owner says he'll attend to repairs himself. He sends in a bill for three or four hundred dollars. The company shows my estimate, and, rather than bring a suit, the man takes one-half, on which I get my percentage, don't you see?" and the expert smiled benevolently.

"And so you never sawed a board in your life?" said the Judge.

"No, nor drove a nail," grinned the witness: "but I tell you, gentlemen, the companies couldn't get on without me."

No more they could, gentle reader, no more they could.—*San Francisco Post.*

Two ladies entered a Fort Street car, one day recently, and took seats beside a lady well known to one of them. She gave her friend an introduction, and directly this one remarked:

"I think I saw you at the——Street Church, one Sunday, several weeks ago."

"Yes."

"You seemed to be as much disgusted with the sermon as I was, for I saw that you were terribly uneasy."

"Yes," again.

"Did you ever hear a worse preacher in all your life?"

"Well, perhaps."

"I never did, and I haven't been there since."

The conversation then rattled off on some other subject, and by-and-by the two ladies got off.

"I wonder why she didn't agree with me about that preacher?" queried the one who had blasted him.

"Why, how could you expect her to? She's that very minister's wife!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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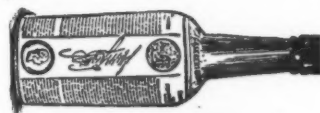
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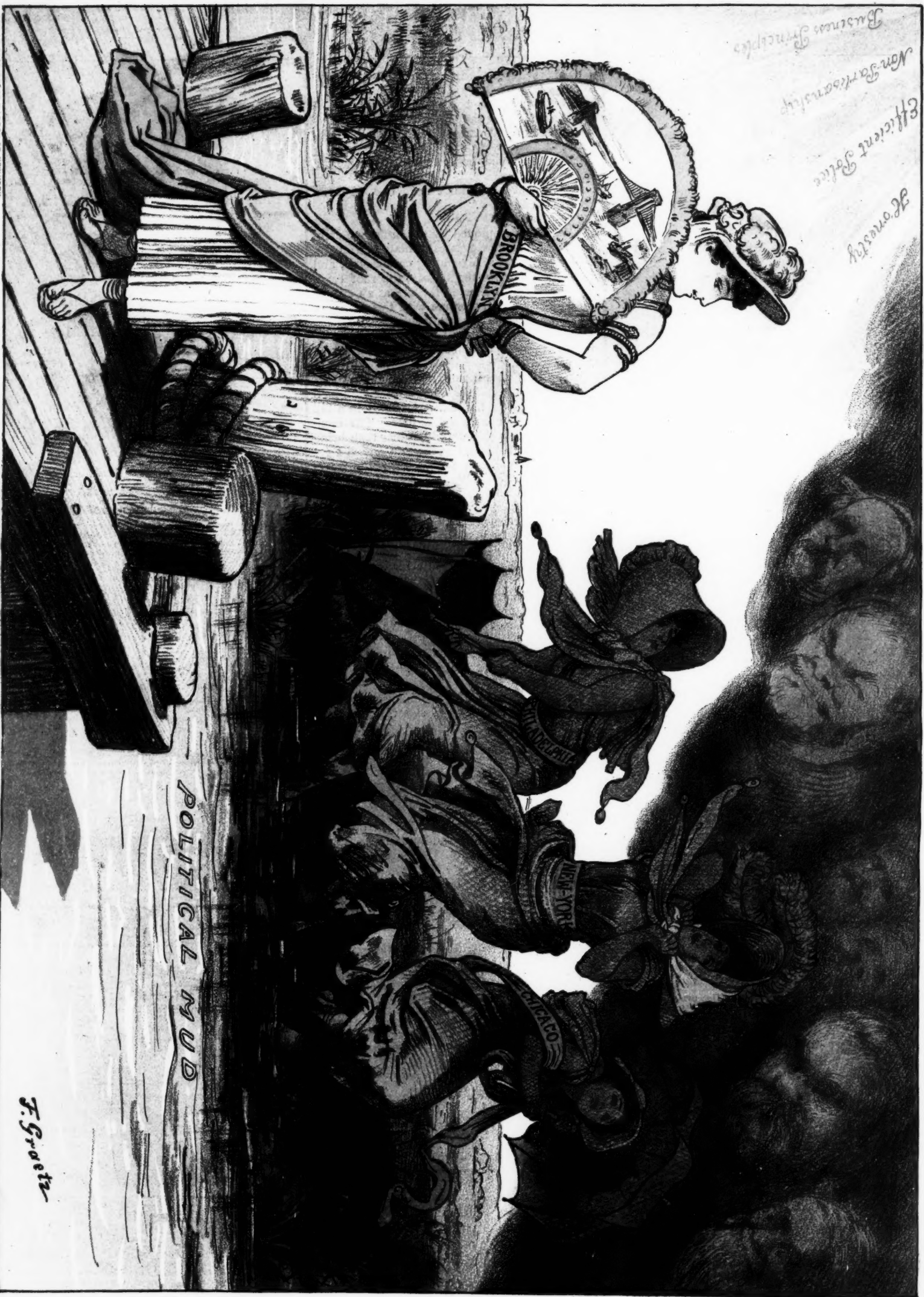
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